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and feelings in others which we should instinctively veil if they were our own.

It is observable that Defoe never worships his hero. He does not, in the least degree, warp facts, or allow them to be colored by his own peculiarities. It is impossible to read the book without feeling that it is, to use a much-abused word, eminently objective; that is, the circumstances are drawn from a real study of things as they are, and not in order to exemplify the workings of a particular habit of mind.

With respect to the manner in which Defoe's work acts upon the feelings, a few very simple instances will be sufficient to show his superiority over modern pathos. On gay subjects he is gay, on pathetic subjects pathetic, but he never goes out of his way to look for affecting incidents or details. When he returns to England, after nearly forty years' absence, he simply says, "I went down to Yorkshire to look for my relatives." We are not even told whether he went on horseback or by coach, whom he met on the road by a series of surprising coincidences, how many shops had been rebuilt, or young people grown old.

When he has occasion to speak of his wife's death, he does it simply and quietly. We are not told whether there were any, and what, reflections of the sun upon the wall on the occasion, nor what his wife wore, nor who told him of her death, nor what the angels had to say upon the subject, nor, indeed, anything but the essential facts and the eternal feelings—

"But in the middle of all this felicity, one blow from Divine Providence unhinged me at once. This blow was the loss of my wife. She was, in a few words, the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprises, the engine that, by her prudence, reduced me to that happy compass I was in, and from the most extravagant and ruinous project that fluttered in my head as above, and did more to guide my rambling genius than a mother's tears and a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all my own reasoning powers could do. I was happy in being moved by her tears, and in listening to her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and disconsolate in the world by the loss of her. When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly round me."

The writer's conclusion is as follows:

It may perhaps be regretted that novels should form so large a part of the reading of young men, though it is doubtful whether, in any case, they are an unmixed evil. Those who idle over novels would, in their absence, idle over something else; those who are unnaturally excited by them, would find a vent for that habit of mind elsewhere. But be they good or bad, useless or necessary, they circulate over the land in every possible form, and enter more or less into the education of almost every one who can read. They hold in solution a great deal of experience. It would therefore surely be a most useful thing to provide rules by which the experience might be precipitated, and to ascertain the processes by means of which the precipitate might be made fit for use. We are not so vain as to suppose that we have done much toward the accomplishment of such a task. We have done our best to point out the limits and directions of the instructions which are wanted.

**BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.**—The June number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a sketch—graphic both through pen and pencil—of the Artists' Excursion which took place on this road a year ago. The sketch is by "Porte Crayon," and it reminds us vividly of a beautiful country, generous hospitality, and of many of the rare accomplishments which make the society of those who possess them at once a delight and a wonder. If any of our readers are disposed to visit southern regions, they will find the scenery of the Baltimore and Ohio road to be fully compensating. And if they should desire repose from

heat or travel, they will realize perfect comfort in the hotel and bathing-pool of Berkeley Springs, under the management of Col. Strother.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE CULPRIT FAX.** By Joseph Rodman Drake. Rudd & Carleton. 12mo., pp. 62.

A classic American poem. Whoever lives upon the Hudson, or has ever heard of our noble river, should own a copy of this book. The taste in which it is got up is highly creditable to its enterprising publishers.

**SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL ACQUIREMENTS.** By Lord Campbell. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo., pp. 146.

This is a book by an able and appreciative admirer of Shakspeare, not to prove, but to suggest that Shakspeare might have been a clerk in an attorney's office. It is one of those agreeable books of comment and extracts which help to intensify one's admiration of Shakspeare's genius; there is special pleading in it, but not offensive as is sometimes the case when commentators think more of themselves than of the author they comment on.

**NAPOLEONIC IDEAS.** By Le Prince Napoleon-Louis Buonaparte, translated by James A. Dorr. Appleton & Co. 12mo., pp. 154.

This book is well translated and well worthy of study.

**THE CASSIQUE OF KIAWAH.** By W. Gilmore Simms. Redfield. 12mo., pp. 600.

A romance by a man of genuine imaginative power. Our readers will, doubtless, recall the opening chapter (published in the *CRAYON*, in the number for November, 1857), descriptive of Southern Coast Scenery. For fertility of invention, power of description, and for dramatic vigor, Mr. Simms stands unrivalled among authors of his class in this country. The North as well as the South have every reason to be proud of Mr. Simms, not only for his patriotism, but for his national position as a literary artist, if the term may be allowed us.

COMPETENCE of fortune, and a mind at ease, have in thousands of instances given the death-blow to literary ambition and success. Except in extraordinary cases, if a person feels himself happy in the enjoyments and elegances of private life, or in the excitation of affairs, he will take small pains to acquire happiness from other sources, especially when it has to be purchased at no less costly a sacrifice than labor of the brain, employed in the walks of solitary contemplation. Swift acknowledged that his efforts at intellectual eminence from boyhood, were but to supply the want of wealth and a title, or to secure such distinction as is usually awarded to the possession of a coach and six. The world, it is probable, would never have been enriched with "Paradise Lost" or "Regained," if the author had not been dispossessed of his offices and comforts by the Restoration; nor Defoe have produced his "Robinson Crusoe," and other works of permanent attraction, had he not encountered a similar fate. Even when a prosperous career has not impaired activity of intellect, adversity has commonly rendered it more prolific in lettered results. Lord Bacon wrote a considerable part of his works during the few years that followed his exclusion from public employments; and Machiavel composed his celebrated political treatises, "The Prince" and the "Discourses on Livy," under circumstances of the like description. In countries where plenty is most widely diffused, and a general equality of social condition prevails, few writers of eminence ever arise; as neither the pressure of want, nor the stimulus arising from hope of appreciation or advancement, incites to exertion.—*Chulov.*